

CAMP MEMORIES.

H. J. Clark in Augusta Chronicle.

"WHERE IS THE OVEN?"

Army life is not especially conducive to personal cleanliness, nor to the cultivation of a high regard for the proprieties of life. A young lady, visiting Camp Meade, some months ago, was reported as being shocked by seeing a soldier drop a piece of bread from the ground, and dropping him, resuming his mastication. It is difficult to see how such a thing could be so shocking, but it is probable that the lady will probably be shocked again and again.

During the later years of the Confederate war, wash basins in camp were an unknown quantity. The morning ablution, if performed at all, was managed by pouring water on the hands from a canteen. Lieutenant Blanchard, I remember, always held his hands in cup shape until they were filled and then invariably dropped one spilling all the hand and washing his face with the moistened palm of the other. In the bitter cold and constant marching of our trip to Nashville in the winter of '61, I am satisfied that some of the boys did not wash their faces or comb their hair at less than weekly intervals. As evidence of the infrequency of "bath tub nights," for reasons named in that campaign, I recall the fact that I lost a silver-handled knife and thought I had dropped it on the march. Some weeks afterward in removing my outer clothing for the first time after its disappearance, I found it hidden away underneath the back of my coat. On our return to Corinth, Miss, my mess took their underwear to a lady to be washed, and as they had been wearing it for a month or more without a change, an apology was made for its condition. "No apologies are necessary," she said. "I have washed some for Forrest's cavalry that were so stiffened with dirt that they were able to stand alone." How we managed to keep our pedal extremities in cleanly conditions when no streams were accessible I do not recall, save in a single instance, and it is, perhaps, not amiss to say that this was an exceptional case and not a company custom. A member of the Oglethorpes one day began his preparations for the midday meal. One of the cooking utensils was missing and he sang out: "Where is the oven?"

messmate, some distance away, shouted back: "Can't you wait till I finish washing my feet in it?" I am not prepared to testify as to the flavor of the bread that day, as I was not a member of that particular mess.

DR. H. V. MILLER AND THE RICHMOND COUNTY MELONS.

During the summer of '61 Aaron Rhodes, of the Oglethorpes, fell sick and was sent to the hospital at Greensboro, Ga. Dr. H. V. M. Miller, the "Demosthenes of the Mountains," and an antebellum professor of the Medical college in this city, was the surgeon in charge. Aaron's father secured for him a leave of absence to visit his home, and at its expiration went to Greensboro to procure an extension, as he was still unfit for duty. Dr. Miller said that it was impossible to grant the request, as strict orders had been received to allow no further leaves; that the instructions were imperative and gave him no discretion in the matter. Mr. Rhodes argued and pleaded, but without avail. The doctor said his decision was positive and final. At the close of the interview Mr. Rhodes gave the assurance that Aaron would be sent up at once, and then, in taking his leave, said: "By the way, doctor, I brought up those Richmond county melons I promised you when I was here last and they are now at the depot for you." "Ah, thank you," said the doctor, "and, by the way, please say to Aaron, that after reconsidering the matter, he can remain at home as long as he wishes, or until able to return to duty." And Aaron's melon—cherry days were not "the saddest of the year."

A TWILIGHT PRAYER MEETING.

Few incidents connected with my service as a soldier have lingered in my memory more vividly, or in their retrospect have brought, perhaps, a deeper sense of satisfaction than that which closed a bright May day in '61. Sherman and Johnston were facing each other near Kingston, Ga. In the skirmishing that day the Oglethorpes had suffered some casualties. Among them one that saddened all the company. Young Hugh Lagare Hill, son of Hon. Joshua Hill, a beardless boy and one of the bravest, I ever knew, had been shot through the head and instantly killed. He had joined some months before at Thunderbolt and, becoming restive under the inaction of service on the coast, had applied for a transfer to Johnston's army. Chafing under the delay brought on by military red tape in such matters and anxious to secure a place on the firing line, he had urged Will Daniel to press the matter, as he wanted to reach his new command in time for the opening of the spring campaign. Before the papers were returned, our regiment was ordered to Dalton and the transfer was aban-

doned. Poor Lagare! The spring campaign had not yet drifted into summer before his bright young life, that knew no other season but its spring, had found its end and sudden ending on the firing line, a post for which he longed so ardently, and not so bravely.

In the evening of that day we occupied a line near Cross station, chosen by Johnston for a general and decisive engagement with Sherman's army. The battle order was issued and read to every regiment. The Fabian policy, which had marked the campaign from the opening, was to be ended. The gaze of battle was thrown down and Atlanta's fate was to be settled before another sunset. Every arrangement for the coming conflict was made and the men, ready and anxious for the fray, were resting on their arms. At the twilight hour two members of the Oglethorpes left their places in the line and retired to a quiet spot in the forest not far away, to talk with God. No church spire raised its lofty summit heavenward. "No long drawn aisles nor fretted vaults" were there, through which the pealing anthem swelled the note of praise. Under the open sky, in one of "God's first temples," as dusk was deepening into night, they knelt together and each in turn, in tones of earnest supplication, asked for God's protecting care upon themselves and on their comrades in the coming battle, and for His blessing on the flag for which they fought and prayed. And when their prayers were ended, they pledged each other that if it was the fate of either one to fall, the other would act a brother's part and give, in every way, such aid and comfort as he could. Returning to their places in the ranks, they wrapped their worn, grey blankets around them and lay down under the starlight to pass in calm and quiet sleep the night before the battle. I have attended many larger prayer meetings since that day; I have heard many petitions to a throne of grace clothed in more cultured phrase, and yet but few that seemed more earnest or filled with simpler trust in God.

Under the urgent protest of Hood and Polk, Joe Johnston's plans were changed and the promised battle beside the Etowah was never fought. I know not what its issue would have been, personal or national. I know that if the hundred and fifty thousand men, marshalled upon that field on that May day, had met in deadly strife, the shadows would have fallen on many a northern and many a southern home. Yet if that evening's bloody promise had been fulfilled, when in the gathering twilight at its close, our company roll was called to mark the living and the dead, somehow I can but feel that we, my friend and comrade, Steel, and I, whose humble prayers had broken the silence of the evening air to reach no other ears but our's and God's would, in His kindly providence, have answered "Here."

Me and the Cat.

Richard N is an incorrigible youngster of 10 who has shown a tendency to lay the blame of his misdeeds on other shoulders. His favorite scapegoat was the family feline. A jar of sweets could not be opened, or a bit of gingerbread pilfered, or a vase broken to atoms, without a lame excuse of Dick's. "I guess it was the cat," calling forth his mother's reproaches.

"Richard, you must not lay the blame on the cat of all the wickedness you are guilty of in this house."

Not long after one of these upbraiding, in Sunday school, his teacher asked Richard the question, apropos of the devil's power on earth.

"Who is responsible for the wickedness of this world?"

It was with a mixture of a contrite spirit and the old habit that little Dick answered: "Well, I suppose that I'm partly to blame. But—I think our cat has her paw in it."

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

This remedy is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and influenza. It has become famous for its cures of these diseases, over a large part of the civilized world. The most flattering testimonials have been received, giving accounts of its good works: of the aggravating and persistent coughs it has cured; of severe colds that have yielded promptly to its soothing effects, and of the dangerous attacks of croup it has cured, often saving the life of the child. The extensive use of it for whooping cough has shown that it robs that disease of all dangerous consequences. Sold by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

First Tobacco Grower.

In another way (than as the husband of Pocahontas) Rolfe is connected with the early history of Virginia. In the spring of 1612, the fifth year of the colony, he performed an action which, if we were to judge it by its consequences only, we might pronounce the most important deed ever done in colonial Virginia. Being an old smoker, he had the curiosity to know whether white men could raise good tobacco in Virginia, and accordingly, he planted some tobacco seed at Jamestown. It grew well during the summer, and when the leaves were ripe, he cured them as best he could, for not a person in the colony was acquainted with the proper process. When the leaves were dry, he tried them in his pipe, and pronounced the tobacco excellent. His friend, Ralph Hamor, secretary of the colony, tried it and finding it very much to his taste, planted some seed in his garden in the following spring. Mr. Hamor, in his tract upon Virginia, published in 1615, gave Virginia tobacco a strong endorsement.

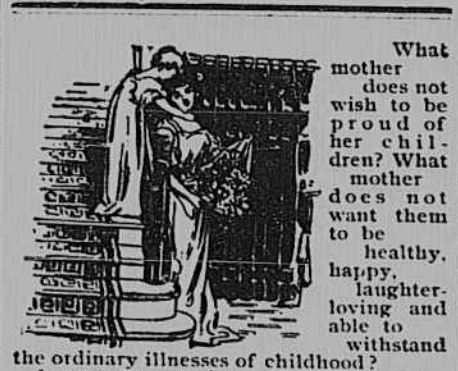
"I dare affirm," he wrote, "that no country under the sun can or doth afford more pleasant, sweet and strong tobacco than I have tasted there, even of my own planting, which, howsoever, being then the first year of a trial thereof, we had not the knowledge to cure and make up; yet are there some men resident there, out of the last year's well-observed experience, which both know, and I doubt not, will make and return such tobacco this year (1615) that even England shall acknowledge the goodness thereof."

He further says, when urging emigrants to go to Virginia, that any man in the colony could earn his clothes by raising tobacco—clothes having to be bought in England with money.

The Secretary's prediction proved correct. English smokers so well appreciated the tobacco of Virginia that the price of the article ranged from 3 to 5 shillings a pound. A colonist needed to send only a very few pounds of tobacco home to get an excellent suit of clothes. Naturally enough, every one was eager to plant tobacco; and we read of tobacco growing luxuriantly in the very streets and public places of Jamestown. Nothing could "draw the people off," says and old historian, "from their greedy and immoderate pursuit of tobacco;" although a hundred and fifty people were sent out from England to set up three iron works, and an attempt was made to introduce the culture of hemp, flax and silk. Tobacco became, and for two centuries remained, the great staple product of Virginia. For a century and more, it served in part as the currency of the colony. We read of men bequeathing hundreds of pounds of tobacco for endowing a college for converting the heathen. Clergymen were paid salaries of so many thousand pounds of tobacco per annum. Taxes, debts and rents were paid in tobacco.

No colony can flourish, if, indeed, it can exist, unless it produces something which can be sold for money in other and older countries; since it cannot, for many years, manufacture the implements, utensils, fabrics and apparel, without which it must either perish or lapse into barbarism. Virginia now had such a commodity; and from this time forward it could make a return to the company at home, and buy with its own product indispensable articles manufactured in England. Such was the consequences of John Rolfe's planting of tobacco seed in the spring of 1612.—James Parton's *Triumphs of Enterprise*.

—While the turkey's natural life is only ten years, the goose sometimes lives to 50 years.



What mother does not wish to be proud of her child? What mother does not want them to be healthy, happy, laughing, loving and able to withstand the ordinary illnesses of childhood? Any woman may insure the health of her children who will take proper care of her health in a womanly way. The health of a child depends almost entirely upon her general health, and particularly upon the important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. A woman has no right to disregard her own health, comfort, ease and happiness, she certainly has less right to condemn her children to a life of suffering or an early death. That is what she does if she neglects the health of her special womanly organism. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an unailing remedy for all disorders of this description. Dr. R. V. Pierce, and invigorates the sensitive organs concerned, and is the best preparation for the trials and dangers of maternity. It insures the well being of the mother and the health of the child. Its use is a guarantee of a bountiful supply of nourishment for the little new-comer. Many women who once bore children only to speedily lose them, are now mothers of healthy, robust children as the result of the use of this medicine.

Barbara A. Mould, of Indian Creek, Mo., writes: "I am very thankful for what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription did for me. I was all broken down from nervous prostration, but since taking your medicine I have had more relief than from all the doctors. Your 'Favorite Prescription' did me a world of good."

A Great Hound.

The greatest fox chase of which there is any authentic record took place in the neighborhood of Long Branch, in Meade County, last week. Ben Matthews, a colored man living at Long Branch, has a foxhound named Queen. One evening last week, when the air was soft, Queen and her companion, Don, together with Jim Bickerstaff's "Old Major," started for the hills near by, and were not long absent when they started a vigorous old fox. By their vigorous mauling it was known that they had a warm scent and were on the trail of a fox of fine staying qualities. For several hours during the night the residents of that vicinity could hear all three hounds—tonguing together, and then the two male dogs dropped out of the run, leaving Queen to keep up the chase alone. All night long she followed the trail, and along toward morning was joined by some fresh hounds, who stayed with her for a few hours, fell out, rested up and joined in the chase again at intervals during the next twenty hours.

On the second day of the chase Will SaGrand's "Tige," a hound noted for its staying qualities, joined her and remained until the close of the run. Queen was on the run, without rest, the entire 24 hours consumed in the chase. She stopped only when she had run beyond to cover. After she had accomplished this she lay down and guarded the burrow, and when found by her owner was so stiff and sore she could not move a limb, and had to be carried to the house. Matthews, her owner, thinks she is the best foxhound on earth, and would not trade her for the best horse in Kentucky.—*Breckinridge (Ky.) News*.

—The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the province of Galicia, Hungary. It is known to be 550 miles long, 20 broad and 250 feet in thickness.

Vote of Charity.

There is a government official now on duty in Washington whose face would close the doors of a beauty show with a snap before he could get within a mile of it, and yet he is not unhappy. On the contrary he has a sunny nature that makes his face a flower garden all the year round. The only criticism that can be made of him is that he is as conceited about his homeliness as handsome men are about their beauty. That may be unusual, but it is true. The other day he was talking on the subject of his looks.

"Ten years or more ago," he said, "I was a candidate for Congress, in my State, with no show to win, but plenty of enthusiasm in the good cause. I had been making a tour of the district, delivering speeches, and at one place I remained over a night at a farmhouse in lieu of a tavern. I retired early and about an hour later I heard the host and his wife come into their room, which adjoined mine, with a rather loosely hung door between the two apartments. I presume they thought I was asleep, because they talked along so I could very easily hear. I was not interested in their conversation, however, until they began to talk about me. It was general at first, and it narrowed down to my personality, the woman arguing for me like a good fellow. At last she explained: 'Why, John, you owe it to the teaching of the Bible to vote for him and to work for him, too.' John couldn't exactly see why, and I rose on my elbow to hear the line of argument. 'You do,' she explained, 'because you have no right to make his burden any heavier than the Lord made it for him in the first place. You ought to do all you can for a man with a face like his to make him forget it.'—*Washington Star*.

Prickly Ash Bitters cures diseases of the kidneys, cleanses and strengthens the liver, stomach and bowels. For sale by Evans Pharmacy.

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.

TOBACCO! TOBACCO!

All the Leading Brands we carry in Stock!

WE have about 2,000 lbs. in 10-lb. Caddies. We don't promise to give it away, but we buy in big lots cheap as dirt, and if you want a box we can save you from 5c. to 10c. pound. Can give you a box from 22c. per pound up—not trash but good, sound Tobacco. For the next few weeks will give you some special drives. Will take pleasure in showing you prices and goods.

Don't buy Molasses until you get our Prices!

In barrels and half barrels. 13c. buys a Cracker Jack. Got any kind you want and don't mind showing you the goods. If you don't buy, there's no harm done.

Yours,

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.
Come and buy your PEAS from us before they advance. Seeding IRISH POTATOES. If you buy these we will assure you a good yield.

Our Business

For the past month demonstrates the wisdom of our buying. We know the wants of the people, and we conform to them in selecting our Goods. No better and more thoroughly reliable Stock can be found in Anderson.

The market is flooded with shoddy goods, more especially Shoes, as in the Shoe business there is great opportunity for sacrificing the Stock for appearance.

OUR SHOE STOCK

Is a source of pride to us, and there is real pleasure in selling a Shoe which we know represents the actual value in cash.

Men's Heavy Shoes \$1.00, \$1.15, and the best that can be made \$1.25.

Heavy Seal Skin Bals. \$1.50.

A serviceable Shoe for dress, any style toe, worth \$1.50 only \$1.25.

Vici Kid, Tans, Cordovan, Box Cal, 50c to \$1.50. Cheaper than anywhere else.

Men's Heavy Oil Grain Shoes, button or lace, \$1.00.

Ladies' Nice Dress Shoe, lace or button, with or without heel, \$1.00. And so on through the list. We are selling Shoes cheap, and we give your money's worth when you buy from us.

Heavy Outing 4 1-2c to 8c.

Canton Flannel 4c up.

Wool Flannel 10, 12 1-2, 15 and 25c.

Heavy Fleece Undershirts for men 25c.

Sweet, Orr & Co's. Pants, guaranteed not to rip, all prices.

Ladies' Capes, a nice, well-selected line, from 50c to \$3.50.

We will sell you Capes 25 per cent less than what other people ask for them.

Trunks, Valises, Satches, of all descriptions.

GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.

WE SELL THE

BEST COFFEE IN TOWN FOR THE MONEY!

Our first consideration in making a sale is to have our customer pleased with what they buy. If anything we sell you does not come squarely up to representations we will always find us willing to do the right thing.

McCULLY BROS.

9.00 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

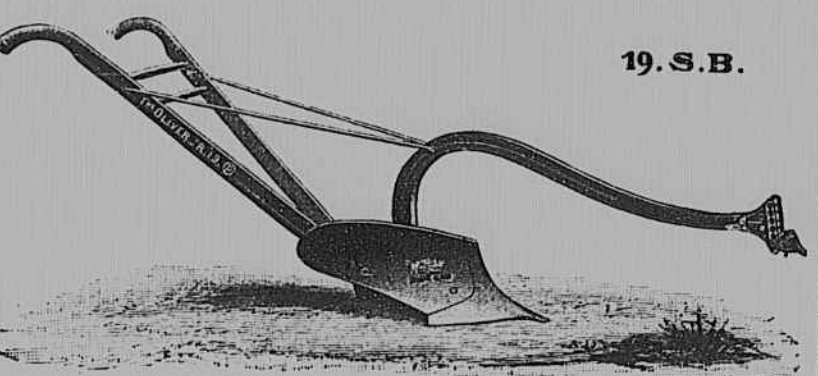
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Rhubarb -
Sassafras -
Anise Seed -
Peppermint -
Oil of Sweet Almonds -
Castor Oil -
Clarified Sugar -
Essence of Peppermint

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Pitcher
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.



The Great Oliver Steel Beam Plow

OVER ten times more OLIVERS sold in Anderson than any make. They have been tried. The verdict is unanimous for the OLIVER. The Steel Beam a great feature. Warranted to stand anywhere. Hard in Car lots we give lowest possible prices. The sizes for this section are 40, 20, 19, 13, &c.

Buy only the Oliver Steel Beam Plows if you are after the best.

DISC, SPADING AND SMOOTHING HARROWS, &c.

Twenty years experience has taught us the needs of the farmers, and know our Harrows are just the Implements for this section. An absolute, broad, personal guarantee given by us.

SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.

THE BANK OF ANDERSON.

We Pay Interest on Time Deposits by Agreement.

Capital	\$165,000
Surplus and Profits	100,000
Total	\$265,000

OFFICERS:
J. A. BROCK, President.
J. W. NORRIS, Vice-President.
J. O. FARMER, Cashier.
J. A. BROCK, J. J. FRETWELL, B. F. MAULDIN, DIRECTORS.
G. W. FANT, J. N. BROWN, J. G. DUCOWSKI, J. M. SULLIVAN.

Having the largest capital and surplus of any Bank in the State outside of Charleston, we offer depositors the strongest security. This applies to our Savings Department, where we pay interest, as well as to active accounts. We loan to regular depositor customers at our lowest rates. Private loans arranged without charge between our customers, and other investments secured when desired. With twenty-five years experience in banking, and with unexcelled facilities at our command, we are prepared to give satisfaction in all business transactions, and will, as heretofore, take care of the interests of our regular customers at all times.

"Pitts" Carminative

Saved My Baby's Life.

LAMAR & RANKIN DRUG CO.
I can not recommend Pitts' Carminative too strongly. I must say, I owe my baby's life to it. I earnestly ask all mothers who have sickly or delicate children just to try one bottle and see what the result will be. Respectfully,
Mrs. LIZZIE MURRAY,
Johnson's Station, Ga.

Pitts' Carminative

is sold by all Druggists. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of Robt. T. Chambliss, dec'd, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.
W. H. CHAMBLEE, Adm'r.
Feb 22, 1899.

W. G. McGEE, SURGEON DENTIST

OFFICE—Front Room, over F. and Mechants Bank—
ANDERSON, S. C.
Feb. 9, 1898 33

SWEET STRAINS OF MUSIC



Music for Christmas

WITH the lightness and brightness of Christmas comes the desire for better instruments, and for that suit the taste and please the eye. We give you the BEST VALUE. Music, the greatest pleasure in life. Goods, and the best prices you can get. Having recently a—

A Full Carload of

— AND —

A Large Number of Organs

And having made sweeping reductions in prices, until you can feel sure that we can make your interest to carefully inspect large and handsome Stock. Call on the celebrated Columbia Phonograph, which we sell at mammoth prices. Soliciting your patronage, we are highly appreciated, and thank in advance for an investigation. Stock, we remain—
Most respectfully,
THE C. A. REED MUSIC CO.